Jean Small.
Div II
Matric D.

THE CAMOSUN

MATRIC.
NUMBER
·1922·

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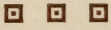

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The CAMOSUN

Volume XIV JUNE, 1922 No. 3

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Special Matriculation Issue Staff

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George Vincent, Thomas Watkins

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C, Betty Fuller; D, Jack Legg; E, Arthur Plows

Business Management—Mr. W. E. Cook, Bal Straith, Edgar Wade.

Additional Representatives—Margaret Spurr; Ben. McMillen;
Tom Sturgess.

Advertisers are asked to leave copy at Diggon's, 1210 Government St.

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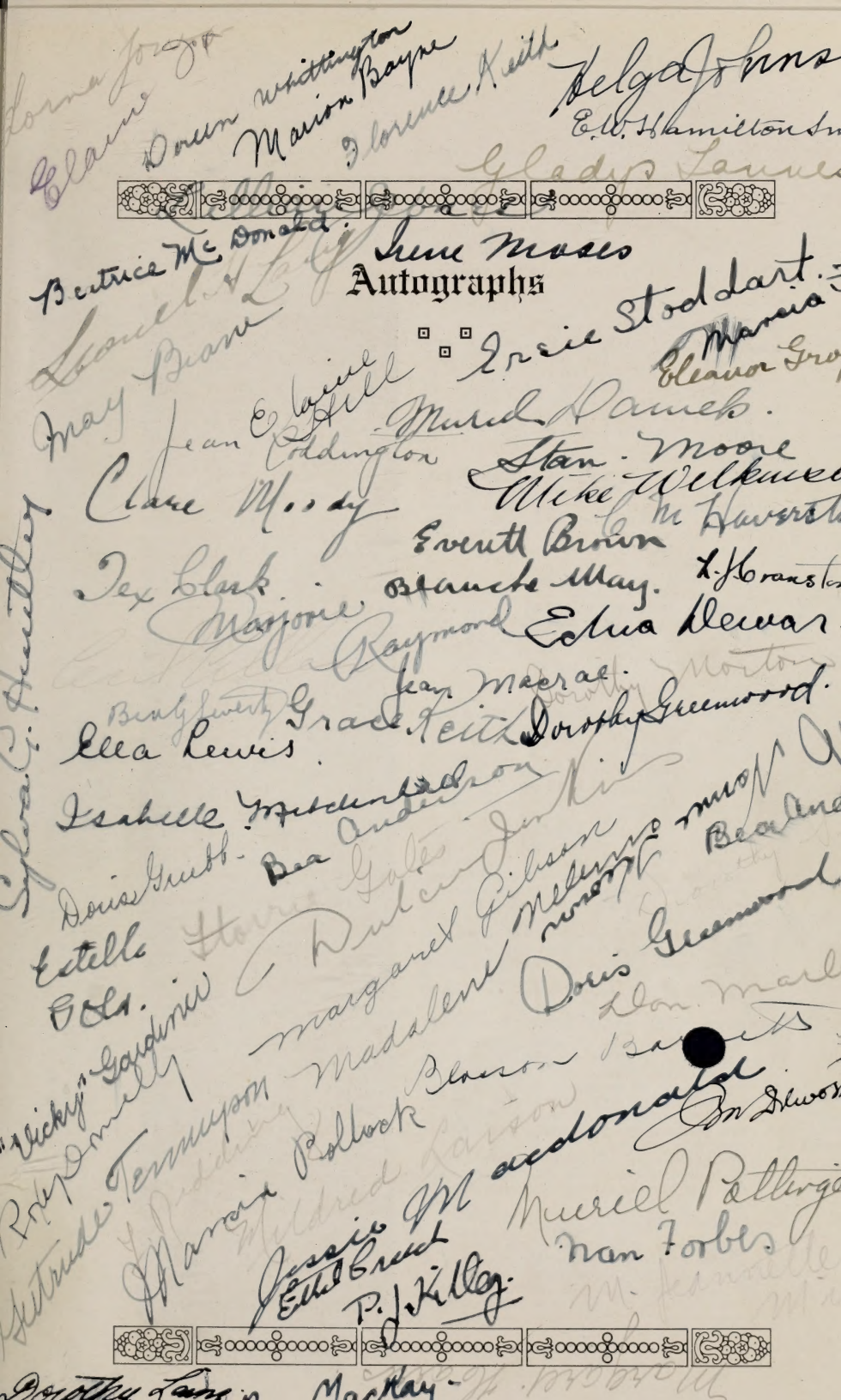
Valedictory

FORWARD now, over the brow of the Hill of Hope, and beyond, to the Valley of Dreams we must take our way. We do not know whether the way will be rough or smooth, nor can we tell what will befall us there. But the hill looks very green, and the sky beyond is blue, and at night, ofttimes there rises a golden star and upon it is burnished a name. Whose it is we may not know, but we sometimes dare to hope that it is ours.

Thus, as we stand here today, that vision leads us on. But nevertheless, we wave to all behind us a lingering farewell, and with a sigh of genuine regret we bid good-bye to our lives as boys and girls here together. We wonder what new interests will supplant the old, and what great tasks await us in the wide world beyond. But let success come, or failure if it will, we know that we are stronger to meet them because of our training here. Here we have conceived truer ideals, a door has been opened before us, and through it we have caught a glimpse of a world unknown, but great. Slowly that world takes definite form before our eyes, and the sun shines there at all times.

And when we have reached our land of golden dreams, and when the grey clings to our temples, we will remember with gratitude and quiet happiness the days when, at the Victoria High School, we were first filled with the desire to live a life.

—*JESSIE MACDONALD*


Autographs

Camosun Idols

ALEXA MARTIN

A leading spirit in the social and athletic life of the school. She has worked hard for the V.H.S. and is a general favorite. Member of Matric A, representing her class on the Matric organization, a prefect, and a conscientious student.

EDGAR WADE

Wady is only President of the Matric organization, business manager of The Camosun, O. C. of the Cadet Corps, accomplished track man, prefect, and the individual most responsible for the financial success of the Matric Play and the eclat with which the Cadet Ball was carried off. He has proved himself a reliable and capable student, possessing unusual organizing ability and unselfish devotion to his school. As was said of Abu ben Adam, "May his tribe increase!"

ROXEY DONNELLY

During her time at the school Roxey has taken a leading part in field sports, winning distinction for herself. She is a prefect, a member of the Matric executive and a general favorite around the school.

BEN McMILLEN

Prefect, President of Matric E, actor (Touchstone), lieutenant in cadet corps, rugby giant and basketball player. Benny is known to everyone by his sunny disposition. His dauntless good humor and readiness to lend a hand have gained him scores of friends, and these same qualities, we dare to predict, will carry him to honor and influence outside these walls.

"Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?"

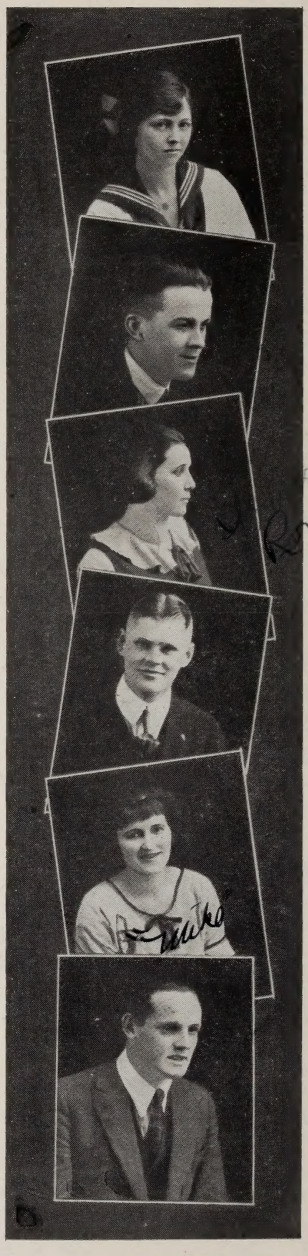
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

We don't know whether Mike likes her name or not, but it certainly fits —for real vim and enthusiasm we met none to surpass her. She has worked like the proverbial Trojan for the welfare of the V.H.S., and has earned the reputation of being a real good sport.

Secretary of Matric organization, former President of Portia, prefect, and an accomplished actress (Celia).

TOM STURGESS

Lieutenant in Cadets, mainstay in rugby and lacrosse, and a member of the Athletic Committee. Tommy is well known for his generosity and capacity to work — not to mention "yodeling." The success of the Cadet Ball was due in no small measure to the time and energy which he gave to it.



Camosun Idols

MARGARET McMILLEN

One of those absolutely indispensable people to whom one can turn when a need arises, sure of a response. Many a social event has owed much of its success to her capacity to work and plan and to the charm of her personality. Was it her steady optimism and genial disposition which won her the nickname of "Bubbles"? All who know her will agree that—

"She is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues."

BALFOUR STRAITH

Competent, cool, collected. As a hockey and rugby star, lieutenant in the Cadets (Machine Gun Section), business manager of The Camosun and Matric play actor (Jacques), and President of Matric A., Bal has made an enviable position for himself in the life of the V.H.S., and his name and example will not soon be forgotten.

HELGA CODY JOHNSON

A prominent figure in the social life of the school. She is Vice-President of the Matric organization and a popular member of Matric B.

CHARLES HUMBER

Prefect, senior captain in the Cadet Corps, member of Matric Executive, invaluable man in rugby, ice hockey and lacrosse, and a track athlete of no mean ability. Barley's ready wit and genial temper have gained him entry into many a heart.

DORIS GRUBB

Perhaps the most prominent girl in athletic circles during our time here. Much of the success of the Girls' Basketball Team may be attributed to her experienced assistance in co-operation with the captain, Muriel Daniels. She has been most unselfish in the expenditure of her time and effort on behalf of the institution, and we owe her a debt of gratitude.

PRESCOTT MOODY

Captain of the most successful ice hockey team the V.H.S. has had for years. Plays lacrosse and rugby. Everybody knows Prec, and likes him, too.

On the Broad Highway

THE NIGHT was closing in, and the wind bawled across the dusky moorland, piling the snow in deep drifts. To the man sitting his horse in the shelter of a furze bush, it seemed as if the devil had let loose a pack of fiends.

He was cold and stiff, and there was no feeling in his fingers. Would that stage coach never come?

Even as he was about to turn his mount, a sound aroused him. Yes, it was the noise of approaching wheels!

Presently he could hear the creaking and rumbling of the coach, and saw its bulk in the dim light; now he could hear the coachman swearing, and see the guard nodding in the box. The time had come.

He spurred his mount forward, and bellowed "Stand and deliver!"

Immediately all was confusion; the coachman reined in his plunging horses and held his hands high, shivering with fright and cold, but not so the guard. With a roar he opened fire with his blunderbuss. He was too late; on the instant he felt a stinging pain in his side and collapsed in his seat.

The highwayman opened the door of the coach and peered in.

In the far corner was crouching a woman, a mere girl, and at that a badly frightened one.

"Madam, I pray you descend," he began with gruff politeness. Then suddenly he stopped, his eyes popping, for there, on the floor of the coach was an open coffin and in it a dead man.

"Swounds!" he exclaimed, "what is that?" and he crossed himself.

"Ah, sir! do not ask. It is all that is left of my father; I am bringing home his body, for he died in an outlandish country."

The highwayman swore: "Well, by ——," he began, and then stopped, for his patient horse had sunk to the ground with a sigh—the guard's bullets had found a mark after all. At this instant there was a lull in the storm, and he heard the noise of approaching horsemen.

"Dragoons, by God!" thought the highwayman, and gazed about him in desperation.

Suddenly he spoke rapidly.

"Listen, I am a desperate man, and will stop at nothing; I am going to get into the coffin to hide from the dragoons. I care not for the dead. If you dare utter a word I will shoot you through that crack in the lid, through which I can see all that you do."

So saying, he cast the corpse into a clump of bushes, shivering with disgust at his own action, got into the coffin and ordered the girl to screw the lid down.

A moment later there was a furious clatter of hoofs, and a squadron of dragoons had surrounded the coach.

It is needless to give in detail the vain searchings of the soldiers, their hurried questions, and the quite plausible answers of the lady.

In half an hour the coach was again on its way, bearing the fair lady and the living corpse, and escorted by two cavalrymen.

In due course the coach arrived at its destination, and, as it drew up in the inn yard and the ostlers came running out, the fair lady bent her head to the coffin and whispered, "Patience, and all will be well." Then the door was opened and she was conducted to the inn.

Meanwhile the corpse waited; hour after hour passed, and no sign of rescue.

He became numb all over, and horribly cramped. What a fool he had been to do this thing, and to trust the lady! True, his position had been desperate, and he had acted on the spur of the moment, for anything had seemed preferable to escaping through the biting storm.

But now———. Suddenly an awful thought struck him; suppose he was left there to starve! He began to struggle, but the lid held; he heaved and strained, but to no avail. Then terror seized him. He shrieked. The storm shrieked louder. He shouted. The wind roared.

All through the night he struggled and at dawn he lay still, almost too still. And then the lady came; she bent her head to the coffin once more and whispered:

"Do you remember the old man you gave money to after Culloden, the fugitive Jacobite, my father?"

The highwayman started. How did she know that? Well he remembered the old fugitive; it had been his one act of pity for many years. And he also rememberd the old man had given him a curious ring which he still wore. That explained how she had recognized him.

"Listen," she went on. "By rights I should see you hanged, for you are a robber and a thief; but for that which you have done for my father, you shall go free, on condition that you promise to be an honest man."

And he answered "I will."

Now a common highwayman does not usually keep his word; but five years later, as the fair lady, now the wife of my Lord Beaumont, was borne through the streets of Chester in her sedan chair, a passing gallant paused in the street and bowed to the earth.

My lord, who was riding beside the sedan, gave him a haughty stare.

But my lady started and grew pale.

"My dear," said her husband, "what ails you?"

"'Tis hot," she replied. "Who was that passing gallant?"

And my lord replied, with a slight sneer: "They call him the honest man of Chester."

G. VINCENT (Matric C)

AS THIS is the last number for the year, it is fitting we thank those who so ably fulfilled the many tasks connected with the managing and publishing of The Camosun. Without stint they made their efforts to assure a creditable paper, and, if any fault is to be found by our subscribers, we only ask that they display their censure sparingly. Guarded speech is an attribute of him who has acquired happiness, and by a struggling, financially exhausted journal nothing is more appreciated than the absence of reproach, and nothing is more detrimental than destructive criticism.

But to return. We truly value the earnest endeavors, the fatiguing inconveniences and the long, fretful hours the staff and printers have borne to assure the publication of our three issues.

We are grateful to Mr. Cook, Bal Straith and Edgar Wade for the number of advertisements they obtained, and the care with which they distributed our funds. We appreciate the service Mr. Diggon and the men in the print shop so courteously gave us, as we do the efforts they took to keep The Camosun well within its standard. We rest debtors to our companions on the literary board, and to Lee Tong for his clever cover designs and cartoons. Mr. Dilworth we thank also for his kindly advice and helpful criticism.

* * * * *

Well, that's that—and it sure is funny to think we're writing our last lines for The Camosun. But it's true. Pass or fail, college or work, we'll never sit up another night weirdly murdering the King's English. Our task is over alright, but the longed-for completion hasn't caused us to run about with a smirk on our lips or a smug aspect disfiguring our countenance.

This writing business has had some influence, and if its termination had not saved us from ourselves, unkempt, matted locks would soon adorn our ageing brow, and poorly-pressed pants cover our nether imperfections. In a puny measure it has been a joy to us, but not our pride. Far from it. If only you had seen the heaps and heaps of valuable foolscap we have marred and kicked into the fire —in the space of a year, too!

But it's all over now. We wish success and the best of luck to the next credulous simpleton to edit these pages, and trust it's a boy—'cause girls ain't no good as writers, nohow.

* * * * *

As most of our readers will know, the Misses A. and J. Macleod have been granted a year's leave of absence, and will leave immediately at the close of classes for Europe. We take this opportunity of wishing them a most profitable and enjoyable holiday abroad. The school will miss them very greatly indeed, and we shall all welcome them home most heartily.

* * * * *

We wish to congratulate Louis J. O'Brien, a prominent alumnus of the V.H.S., on his success in winning the Morse Stephens Scholarship. Louis is a student in commerce at the University of California, Berkeley, and is upholding the traditions of Canadian students for scholarship in a manner most gratifying to his hosts of friends in Victoria.

Among ex-students of the school to graduate at Eastern universities are the following from McGill: Messrs. J. McGregor and Francis McNamee, both graduates in medicine, the latter with honors in Pathology; and R. W. Hartley, who graduates as a Bachelor of Laws. To all we offer our hearty congratulations.

"AS YOU LIKE IT."

"Just great," was the verdict of many of those who saw the presentation of "As You Like It," by the Matriculation students. The players, supported by a sympathetic audience, put forth every ounce of talent to make the play a success. On the other hand those not taking an active part worked with the greatest zeal to "make it go." Nor will we forget the generous way in which the public responded to our appeal. The auditorium was filled each night, displaying the interest and co-operation of those friends not closely connected with the institution.

As a result the Matriculation organization, after clearing all expenses, is enabled to donate $150 to this issue of The Camosun. The Senior and Junior Boys' and Girls' Championship Cups were also presented by the organization, amounting to about the sum of $60. With $47.50 in the treasury to be disposed of further on in the term, we feel, that besides providing a delightful entertainment, the play was a financial success; for this we wish to thank all those who in any way helped to make it so.

(Signed) MARGUERITE WILKINSON,
Secretary.

MATRIC A

1st Row—Ballard, Barnett, Bowes, Burbidge, Clark
2nd Row—E. Dee, I. Dee, Eldridge, Elliot, Fraser.
3rd Row—Grubb, Hocking, Jones, Keown.
4th Row—Kong, Lorimer, McNab, Macrae, Marlatt, Martin.
5th Row—Mildenhall, Morton, Moses, Nelems, Noel.
6th Row—Straith, Swannell, Wallace, Watkins, Wilkie.

PERSONALS

MATRIC A

Hilda Elliott (9).

"Here lies the body of Hildah Chowdah,
Who died from too much sleeping powdah.
Her name is Elliott—we call it Chowdah
To make it rhyme with sleeping powdah."

Doris Marlatt (19). Doris joined us at Christmas, after six months in Prince Rupert, and she has been a welcome addition to the class.

"A violet by a mossy bank"—
We wonder if the bank is "Green"?

Nessie Gm. Wallace (28). Matric A's conception of "Eppie in de tolehole." "Gm." does not stand for "Tubby."

Eunice Kong (15). Maybe she's quiet and gentle-eyed, but she wields a wicked pencil, and her clever caricatures are more expressive than words.

Alexa Martin (20). Ex-champion of the basketball team and patron of athletics. Alexa's a walking vitamine and well qualified to hold the dignified office of class secretary.

Dora Wilkie (30). "Vex not thou the poet's mind with thy shallow wit." Dora writes poetry—like this:

"Ah, crooked little angle-worms,
Ah, bullfrogs in the thicket,
Ah, buzzing little bumble bee,
Ah, how can man be wicket?"

Jenny Hocking (12). Out of the depths of Deep Cove comes Jenny, to shine a geometrical genius in our midst.

Doris Grubb (11). "A girl who does everything and everybody." She's an absolute necessity to the class welfare and, with becoming modesty we add, to the school's too.

Chrissie McNab (17). Chrissie is a rising young farmerette, with troubles of her own in Algebra.

"The strawberries are on the bough
In Keatings now."

Isobel Mildenhall (21).

"There was a little girl,
Who had a little curl,
A chic little curl by her ear—
And a gingham sun-bonnet,
When the sun shone on it,
So the cute little curl would disappear."

Jean Macrae (18).

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light."

We want to know: What could there be for one to fear in the dark, if one could translate Latin with such ease and accuracy as Jean?

Laura Burbidge (4). Another member of the class to whom the mysteries of mathematics are "as an open scroll."

Balfour Straith (26). "It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples."

As class President, a conspicuous figure in prominent society, (and a Beau Brummell) Bal is strangely at variance with his role of the melancholy Jacques, though equally popular in each.

Madalene Nelems (24).

"I oft would cast a rovin' eye
Ere these white hairs I grew, ma'am,
To see a 'andsome nymph go by,
But none so fair as you, ma'am."

Lorna Jones (13). Besides being the most popular minstrel of Matric A, Lorna's pungent pen has gained her the position of assistant editor on The Camosun staff. In the role of Shakespeare's "Audrey," Lorna brought undying theatrical fame to the lowly carrot.

Jean Lorimer (16).

"It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape that I admire;
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire."

Charles Swannell (27). From whom we expect great things in the final exams, despite his sex and tender years. But, being gentlemen, we won't resort to personalities.

Alice Eldridge (8). A modern Phoenix.

"My name is Alice Eldridge, look on my works, ye mighty, and despair . . . . . .
Nothing beside remains."

Lillian Barnett (2).

"Blossom" is a High School star,
Deny it if you can,
Her chief aversion's homework,
Her chief delight is—man!

Irene Moses (23). An industrious, amiable member, of considerable non-resistance—but entirely indispensable in the class mechanism.

"The children love her pleasant shade."

Chisholm Fraser (10). The bold Orlando, a recent arrival from the forest of Arden—and a figure crowned with a halo of romance.

"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing."

Dorothy Morton (22). The flying buttress of a thick-headed class.

Muriel Bowes (3). In spite of occasional falls from its pedestal, the tin god (pencil box) still numbers Muriel among its worshippers.

N.B.—Rumor whispers that she is taking limewater to harden her bones.

De Twins, or rather **The Dee Twins** (6 and 7).

Isabell dee girls all like,
Ethelwyn " " " so,
'Cause Isabel done got a bike
Ethelwyn " " " beau,
An' apple pie wid out de cheese
Am like Matric " " " Dees.

Tillie Lucas.

"My good brain pulls me through at June;
My Irish luck is sure;
My teachers sing a joyful tune
Because—my nerves endure."

William Clark (5).

"He came from Saanich—wealth and fame
Around him spread—we know not how.
He bought no Ford—but all the same
Rumor says he owns a cow."

Thomas Watkins (29). Whom we modestly present as the president of the august Society of "Gentlemen of the Mellow Voices."

"I love not man the less, but woman more."

Percy Noel

He proved the theories, parsed the words,
Our ignorance to all he showed:
We thought we had some brains, till Noel
In conspectum veniod.

Noreen Keown (14). An ardent Bolshevist (temperature 100° c.), who we verily believe should have been named Norene Keownsky.

"She owned three cats and several dogs,
Some goldfish and a quail,
And then she wept because they said
She couldn't have a whale."

MATRIC B

Jeannette Bentley (32). Whence is thy learning?

"Does thy toil consume the midnight oil?"

Everett Brown (33).

"I do my work—and nothing shirk."

Muriel Daniels (37). Capable leader of the B.C. Ladies' Championship team.

"Campbell's Soup makes me so strong,
That I could romp the whole day long;
Just run and run, way out o' sight,
And not come back till late at night."

Marcia Feary (39). Capably fills the duties of one occupying a back seat.

"Said little Miss Muffet—'I'll sit here and bluffit.'"

Clare Moody (48). The unobstrusive reason for Brother "Prec's" fame.

"I never knew a single soul could be so sweet."

Ersie Stoddart (53). Ersie can be heard murmuring every morning:

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,
Oh, how I'd like to remain in bed!"

Daisy Genn (40). One who is seen but not heard.

"A demure little maid."

Marguerite Wilkinson (55). Yes, you know Mike, soul of Matric B, quondam President of Portia, capable actress and general live wire.

Paul Sprinkling. It is due to such curiosities as this, that Matric B has become famous.

"Of grim and savage beauty."

MATRIC B

1st Row—Allen, Bentley, Brown, Clark, Cameron.
2nd Row—Cody-Johnson, Daniels, Dewar, Feary, Genn.
3rd Row—Herman, Hill, Hopkins. Humber, Laing.
4th Row—C. Lewis, E. Lewis, Moody, Moore, Macdonald.
5th Row—McLean, Small, Stoddart, Tanner, Wilkinson.

Gordon Clark (34). "Tex" hails from Gordon Head, and yet he surely does shine on the rugby field—not forgetting either that mile and half-mile race. Senior Boys' champion.

"Rub'm, tub'm, scrub'm; he comes up smilin'."

Walter S. Stanley Moore (49). Big athlete ! ! ! !

"Are you a little Sunlight Soap baby?"

Donald McLean (51). President of the celestial galaxy of beauty known as Matric "B." My! How he'd hate to be selfish!

"An answer to a maiden's prayer."

Charles Hunter (44). "Why are you late?" "Oh, I'm a Prefect." "Barley's" duties as prefect seem to be weighing heavily upon his feet.

"Try my fascinating walking steps to music."

Jimmy McNamee. Jasper Ozymandias.

"Much can be done with an Irishman if he's caught young enough.'

Sidney Hopkins (43). 'Opkins is our budding steeplejack and human fly.

"A fool, a fool—I met a fool."

Lionel Laing (45). Our famous mathematician, trying anything, no matter how dark the aspect.

"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair."

Albert 'Ank Cameron (32). Lacrosse, rugby and track star.

"I'm never flurried, never worried,
I never allow myself to be hurried."

Cecil Allen (31). Famous as a hockey star, but—

"When a lady's in the case,
All other things give place."

Harold Massick. Noted for his audible (?) voice.

"You're just a gift from heaven;
Mammy's little sunny, honey boy."

Cecil Lewis (46). Took the part of Sweet Willyum in "As You Like It." A coming Larry Semon.

"And his voice was soft as honeydew."

Gladys Tanner (54).

"Gladie is small, but she is wise;
She's a terror for her size."

Jessie Macdonald (50). Energetic Portia worker, and literary genius.

"Skillful alike, with tongue and pen."

Jean Small (52).

"I'm a little prairie flower
Growing wilder every hour."

Edna Dewar (38). A perfect shadow of mischief, reveling in Algebra and Latin.

"I toil not, neither do I spin."

Helga Johnson (36). Not forgetting the "Cody."

"It's the finished effect that counts."

Ella Lewis (47). Ella is with us now and again, mostly again—but yet

"Her sweet smile haunts us still."

MATRIC C

1st Row—Anderson, Baxter, Brakes, Brown, Caveness
2nd Row—Coddington, Donnelly, Fox, Fuller, Gardiner.
3rd Row—Gates, Gurney, Jenkins, Kilpatrick, King.
4th Row—Leeming, Lucas, Parfitt, Parsell, Pollock.
5th Row—Pottinger, Redding, Shaw, Shenk, Smith.
6th Row—Tennyson, Vincent, Whittington, Wade, Wright.

Joseph Herman (41). In spite of his hectic hair, he's a shining light in the business world.

"Bright and breezy, free and easy,
I'm the lady's pride and joy."

Elaine Hill (42). One of those "little girls in the back seat," who would rather have

"A fool to make her merry than experience to make her sad."

MATRIC C

Beatrice Anderson (56). Our prairie chicklet.

"She's little but she's wise,
She's a terror for her size."

Victoria Gardiner (65). One of our quiet girls.

"You look so learned and sedate."

Doreen Whittington (83). A quiet, unobtrusive little maid usually found taking care of "Vicky."

"Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

Mamie Pollock (75). Very learned and grave.

'How much more older art thou than thy looks."

Jean Reddding (77). A quiet, happy, pretty, steady-working student—that's her.

Muriel Gurney (67). A second Wordsworth;—bugs on Botany.

"I love the little flowering plants."

Gertrude Tennyson (81). What's in a name? A welcome addition to our class.

"For she is fair and fairer than that word, of wondrous virtues."

Dulcie Jenkins (68). A very distracting person; in fact boys in the class have been known to develop kinks in their necks from

"Of all the troublesome creatures, boys
Are most troublesome and full of noise."

Elsie Smith (80). Apparently possesses most of the few brains in the class. How did you get that way, Elsie?

"Give me a man with an aim."

Florence Gates (66).

"My strength was the strength of ten."

Has made a name for Matric C on the sporting peages of local newspapers. You ought to see her handle the pill. Atta girl, Florrie.

Betty Fuller (64). Our literary encyclopedia. In the future we predict that Betty will be an authority on education.

Roxey Donnelly (62). Our vamp, prefect and the leading spirit of the class.

"You have a noble and a true conceit of god-like amity."

Laura King (70). Behold our model child! Perfect behaviour and homework down pat.

"Silence is more musical than any song."

Elaine Fox (63). The exams approach rapidly, but Elaine intends to keep a cool head. Then, too, barbers have to live, haven't they?

"But love no man in good earnest."

Agnes Parsell (24). A very industrious pupil, eager for knowledge.

"Life piled on life were all too little."

Marjorie Leeming (71). Hardly needs introducing but, for the benefit of the few who may not know, we must say she certainly can wield a tennis racket, but when it comes to Chemistry—ask her.

Edna Baxter (57). A visitor from the Interior who knows about the average amount of stuff required for examinations. Vergil's "Aeneid," Book II., a specialty.

"I never did repent of doing good,
Nor shall not now."

Muriel Pottinger (76). She loves all the teachers and discriminates against none in making her 3:15 calls.

"I am all angel."

Jean Coddington (61). Has saved the class from more than one fit of blues. There is at least one person in Victoria who is not dead.

"Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn."

Margaret Brown (59). Has a surprising knack of putting it past the teachers and of making "bangs."

"Then flushed her cheek with rosy light."

Edgar Wade (4).

"He revels in Latin,
In French he is fine;
But talking to girls
Is still more in his line."

Homer Caveness (60). Homer is a good student and has saved our bacon in many a geometry period.

"Turn him to any course of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garter."

Donald Kilpatrick (69). A noble prefect who believes in a good time and little study.

"His virtues are saintly—like saints, they do not exist."

Larson Wright (85). Succeeds fairly well in keeping his feet under the desk and at the same time not being overbalanced by his head and shoulders.

Ivor Parfitt (73). A royal good fellow, something of an actor, as shown in his dignified acting of the usurping Duke in "As You Like It."

"Upon his brow, Nature had written—Gentleman."

Bill Shenk (79).

"When I beheld him, I sighed and said within myself, 'Surely man is a broomstick.'"

Never mind, Bill, all good things are not done up in small parcels.

William Brakes (58). Bill is love stricken but knows not how he caught it or came by it.

"I have never felt the kiss of love
Or maiden's hand in mine."

Ted Dunn. Well known for his big share in athletics.

"When joy and duty clash
Let duty go to smash."

John Shaw (78). John's the chap that sings and grouches, pre serves his clever wit for Maths class. Partial in attendance. Talking of cough-drops—Hush!

Oscar Lucas (72). Our very quiet boy. He intends to work at Victoria College next year, doubtless specializing in French.

"To follow knowledge like a sinking star."

George Vincent (82). Inclined to write beautiful poetry which he tries indiscriminately on the members of the class.

"With more of art than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined."

MATRIC D.

Rose Baikie (86). Rose hails from Denman Island and is the source of many disturbances around the girls' lockers.

"My wild Irish rose."

Marion Bayne (87). A demure maiden. Maybe because she sits in a front seat.

"I'm good, I am."

Bickle (88). John followed the birds from Nanaimo to Victoria, being unable to stand the wild life up there.

"A little loving now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

Collison (89). Noelly is a general favourite in our class. He is noted for his French pronunciation, which is the envy of all. He plays rugby and plays it well.

"The jet black locks of his curly head
Are the rage of all women, 'tis truly said."

Cowan. "Pat" came to us from Revelstoke, but you'd never know it. As soon as Pat gets 'climatized he'll be "jake."

"Never do today what can be left till tomorrow."

Ensor (91). A rash fellow is Harold. Delights in following people around. Everyone knows his laugh—"nuff sed.

"A maiden's heart is nothing in my young life."

Alice Fairclough (92). Our geometry star. Alice believes in taking life easy.

"Why should the others have all the good times?"

Louise Gregory-Allen (94). Rivals Miss Ramsey in vamping powers. Practices on Ensor in lieu of bigger game.

Lena Hanson (95). Lena is going to make Matric D famous at mid-summer.

"Hitch your wagon to a star."

MATRIC D

1st Row—Baikie, Bayne, Bickle, Collison, Dick.
2nd Row—Ensor, Fairclough, Galbraith, Gregory-Allen, Hanson, Hastings.
3rd Row—Keith, Lake, Larson, Legg, Moses, McMillen.
4th Row—Maywood, Nimmo, Nichols, Peele, Petrie, Phillips.
5th Row—Ramsey, Regan, Sheepwash, Sinclair, Sivertz.
6th Row—Smurthwaite, Stott, Sturgess, Taylor, Waites.

Dick (90). Cecil is a peppery member of the Junior Rugby squad.

"The bigger they are the harder they fall."

Myra Galbraith (93). A most unobtrusive little maiden, but her absence would make a big difference to Martic D.

Hastings (96). Ian's favorite pastime is dancing. Noted for the frequency with which he clears his throat. Favorite saying:

"That's tres bon, old man."

Florence Keith (97). Our chemistry expert (?) Always trying to kill someone in the lab.

"A tallish maid is our dear Florence,
Who looks on work with great abhorrence."

Marion Lake (98). Our perfectly priceless Partial. Marion is a genius at chemistry and an enthusiastic rugby fan.

"O for a beaker full of the warm South."

Mildred Larson (99). Mildred is one of our budding farmerettes. We'll say she can dance.

"I love the cows and the chickens."

Legg (100). Jack is our class question mark. A genius in the lab. when it comes to breaking flasks. Also noted for his cheerful grin.

"See where, 'mid work of his own hand, he lies."

Maywood (103). Fred's presence is a safeguard against the blues, for his favorite expression is "I should worry." He is a lieutenant in the Cadets.

"A little work, a little play,
A few love dreams throughout the day."

McIntyre. "Red" does not believe in homework—at least, in doing it. Always in a pensive mood except when on the diamond.

"The unvampable Mac."

Margaret McMillen (102). "Bubbles" is a universal favorite. Always ready to lend a helping hand. And that's not all, she's a prefect. Favorite expression: "My dear, I'm so thrilled."

"A dainty lass with many a wile,
A slender form and many a smile."

Moses (101). Dan is a versatile lad, a good athlete and, according to the ladies, a snappy dancer. He is captain of the High School machine gunners.

"Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine."

Nichols (105). Elmer is a real nice boy, the kind you read about but seldom see.

"A skin you love to touch."

Nimmo (104). Capable of great things, but—

"He is not dead, but sleepeth."

Peele (106). It's a hard blow to Fred when the teacher tells him to stand up and he's already on his feet.

"The world knows little of its greatest men."

Phillips (108). A great authority on cricket, don't you know, what?

"A silent member of our famous whole."

Petrie (107). Noted for his English translations and his readiness to share knowledge.

"Behold the child."

Lorna Ramsey (109). Matric "D's" vamp. In spite of this, she's a good sport.

"Keep your eyes down, Lorna,
You're getting a big girl now."

Regan (110). Emmett has often been referred to as the late Mr. Regan, on account of a certain unfortunate tendency. We know that he's alive, however. Likes to argue with his teachers.

"A fool, a fool, I met a fool."

Sheepwash (111). Frank is a hard worker. We wonder, whether, during his travels he has found where the dangerous rocks are or where they aren't. Favorite expression: "Oh Jinks."

"I have traveled among unknown men."

Sinclair (112). Chemist extraordinaire. Delights in concocting odoriferons compounds in the lab.

"Poor Sinclair had a mixture,
He let the blame thing fall,
And all that's left of Sinclair
Is a grease spot on the wall."

Sivertz (113). Ben is better known as "Silvertz." He is one of those perfect prefects, and represents Matric D on the Matric Organization.

"When you are sitting by my side,
Let your conscience by my guide."

Smurthwaite (114). "Chris" is a pretty boy. A great favorite with the ladies. He is President of the Science and Agriculture Club.

"A smile doth occupy his entire visage."

Jessie Stott (115). A member of the Junior Basketball Team. She is also, strange to say, a good student.

"Her voice was ever soft and low. An excellent thing in woman."

Sturgess (116). Tom is the leader of Matric D and its famous orchestra, for he is especially noted for his bagpipes. On the Rugby and Lacrosse teams he has done noble work. And—? Yes, Tom can wrestle.

"A girl is the most persistent compound I have met."

Taylor 117). He can change his features from a broad grin to a look of angelic calm quicker than anyone we know of. A jolly good sport, and always ready to lend a hand.

"This fellow's wise enough to play the fool."

Waites (118). A brainy member of Matric D. He is a quiet boy, which evidently accounts for it.

"He loved, he lost, and is now forlorn,
Of wine a hater, of women foresworn."

MATRIC E.

Arthur Plows (145). Our English marvel, philosopher, and, what's more, a real good sport. Better known as "That modest little fellow with the freckles."

"And slowly answered Arthur from the barge."

Frank Levirs (134). Frank is a crystal from a supersaturated solution of knowledge. He's got an answer for everything.

"A fool, a fool, I met a fool in the forest."

Wellwood Marchbank (138). A real scholar who can also boast of being sociable. Affectionately called "Soup-Bone."

"Bring me knowedge that I may eat thereof."

Harold Cunningham (123). Jeff occasionally tells the class about fruit. His favorite fruit being the "current."

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Joseph Gosse (127). Joe has the honor of holding two records this year, for being late,—viz. the school record, and class record.

"Where dwell you, pretty youth?"

Prescott Moody (142). Prec reminds one of the "Katzenjammer Kids,"—he never grows a bit. Captain of the ice hockey team.

"I prithee, hand me yon steels that I may with precision
and ease glide over yon sheet of glass."

Aileen Foster (124). Buddy is the possessor of a calm and serene countenance, but her hair—well, it's red, no not red, I will not call it red, but rather auburn.

"Brow-bound with burning gold."

Tressie Gililand (126). Tressie is our algebra genius. She and Buddy can solve any problem.

"Two eyes hath she, so deep and dark,
And ringlets black hang down her back. But hark!
She is a wistful little vamping lady
Who always says, 'I ain't nobody's baby.'"

Edgar Breckenbridge (120). Ed is a good student and athlete. He loves French but is afraid of girls.

'And I for no woman."

Charlie Ozard (143). Chuck can be found any evening up in the "lab" gargling H2 So4, or mixing some infernal concoction.

"I will drink life to the lees."

Kenneth Cowper (121). Ken comes in from the Gorge on his bike every morning. The energy required seems to necessitate rest from then till the next morning.

"I am young, I am savage."

Maurice Green (128). Maurice wears a perpetual grin, radiating in waves from mouth to ears. The latter rise and fall on the waves.

"Thou knave! Cup o' sack, boy."

William McGregor (135). "Mac" is a very respectable person. His sonorous "yes sirs," and "no sirs" will long be remembered.

"For with my voice could I tame the thunder."

MATRIC E

1st Row—Beane, Breckenridge, Cowper, Cummins, Cunningham.
2nd Row—Foster, Foubister, Gilliland, Gosse, Green.
3rd Row—Greenwood, Johns, Keith, Kelsey, Leicester, Levirs.
4th Row—McGregor, McMillen (pres), Main, Marchbank, May.
5th Row—Merritt, Moffat, Moody, Ozard, Pillar.
6th Row—Plows, Press, Purves, Sampson, Ballard.

Gerald Leicester (133). When Gerald gets mad at a problem in the geometry period, his hair rises on end, "a la Zulu," and a volley of oaths rise voluptuously. "By addition! By subtraction! By multiplication."

"I am he that is so love-shaked."

Wilfrid Johns (130). Wilfrid is a quiet member of our class, but nevertheless he is a good worker. When speaking of melancholy,

"I do love it better than laughing."

George Smith. George absorbs knowledge as a sponge water. When he makes his hair stand on end he looks not unlike Creatore.

'Fools! blackguards! villains! Get ye hence."

Charles Pillar (144). Charles' enthusiasm for cricket is only one degree greater than his love of French. He boasts the finest French accent in the class.

"Bring me of the lotus plant, that I may dream and sleep
and pass these idle hours away."

Thomas Moffat (141). Tommy is a good all round kid. His favorite sport is to play with tangents and circles. Sometimes a deep, gurgling whoop of joy escapes him as he pounces on a compass.

"For I have merits, yea a-many,
Yet I but display a few."

Donald Purves (147). Donald sometimes has his homework done. From this hypothesis we can also say that he sometimes hath not.

"Go away! Boo-hoo! I'm gonna tell ma. I ain't
nobody's darling."

May Beane (119). A quaint little bunch of thistle-down, which the winds of education waft hither and thither. As her name might imply, she hails from the Garden of Victoria, Saanich.

"Bring me yon infidel ignoramus, that I may have
opportunity to belch forth my learning."

Phyllis Cummins (122). Phyllis also hails from Saanich, and I am told she is of Irish descent. However, she is a live wire and a good sport.

"Man! Come here, that I may look on thee."

David Foubister (125). Dave is the shyest and quietest boy in our class, sans doute. But just the same, I wonder what we'd do without our Dave.

"I should have been a woman by right."

Blanche May (139). Blanche has the happy faculty of cackling right out loud at the most unexpected moments.

"And they that are most galled by my folly,
They most must laugh."

Doris Greenwood (129). Doris also hails from the Saanich "greenwoods."

"Yon little girl on every morn,
Comes in from far out country way,
On omnibus with blowing horn,
And gets in here to stay
Till even; when, under volumes big she
seems to sway,
And is by that bus homeward borne away.
(Note—This is not poetry. Ed.)

Ella Kelsey (132). Ella is a quiet and thoughtful little girl with great, large, wondrous eyes.

"Her hair is as the ocean in a storm."

Grace Keith (131). Grace is Ella's side-kicker, and is equally quiet. She "flits like a ghost away," for the French period, but is with us the rest of the time.

"Why, it is good to be silent."

Lily Merrit (140). Lily is a simple, sincere, sympathetic, subtle, synthetic, superstitious, submissive, submersible and so-called sugary, little girl. Some may not think it requires all these adjectives to describe her, but it does; you just ask her.

Howard Lampson (148). Howard bears a Biblical name, and it fits him, too, judging from appearances.

"Come, where is this young gallant that is so anxious to lie with his mother-earth?"

Isabel Main (137). Isabel forgets herself now and then and lapses into Gaelic, which can only be understood by three of our teachers.

"It's a bra, bricht, moonlicht nicht."

Ben McMillen (136). Anyone who saw the play at Easter will long remember the way in which Bennie played the part of "Touchstone." President of Matric E.

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

Peter Bhaulm

PARDON, but with the commencement of this story, we will ask you to believe that hangmen, like poets, are born, not made. However, if you are sceptical and think us only vendors of sensational exaggerations, we beg you to ask any prison warden or governor—he'll tell you so; and, perhaps, as the chances are, even stagger your credulity with the sterling abilities of old Peter Bhaulm, and a truer, idealistic artist than Peter never lived.

Remember, please, Peter was an artist, not an artisan. Indeed, the old boy almost found failure through his faultlessness. It wasn't necessary for him to strive to find solace in striving, nor to sit up nights, sick with the torment of an oppressed grey poll, and filter inspirations into the perfection of his art. To be sure, the admiring O'Haggerty, down by the big gates, spoke truly when he enlightened the boys gathered within the club-like sanctuary of the Gold Field Cigar Stand as to the several seven times seven genii that infested the soul of Peter Bhaulm. "And, me byes," he would conclude, "the lucky stiff he don't have to work none—it comes natural like."

Indeed, it did. No one on six continents could manipulate levers as deftly as he. Nor tie such slender marvels of loosely sliding knots. Nor procure tauter, stronger ropes. Then, Peter, like the most eminent of artists, had created an atmosphere about himself, a certain indescribable something defying the vaguest classification.

Always solemn, even to the verge of sadness, it would appear he found strangulation a hideous method of earning a profitable livelihood. And he was so sympathetic, so considerate, and heaved so many sighs when helping some poor devil shuffle off his mortal coil, that the condemned experienced a subtle sense of relief, if not pleasure, at forcibly deserting the passions, the vilifications and the indecencies of life with the reluctant aid of Peter Bhaulm. Many were the last hurried messages entrusted to him for loved ones, and in many a mumbled prayer would the wretches implore their Maker to recall the hangman's name in the divinest of His benedictions.

But, perhaps, you grow weary of Peter Bhaulm and his mastery of a fine art. If so, we shall hasten to bring our story to an end.

The unexpected happened. With the advent of Spring the venerable P.Z. Bhaulm discarded, along with his heavy woollens, all vestiges of his habitual, professional self. He became light-headed, light-hearted, and developed the enticing disposition of the rarest man-about-town. The unsophisticated old rake even teased his pinched, chaotic mess of a countenance into smiles, smirks, chuckles and laughs. And some about the neighborhood said that certain pretty girls prided themselves upon the amazingly gay allusions that Peter, our renovated gallant, paid to their comeliness. With a daring, gallantly rivaling that of Hector, he subjected his pate to the latest tonsorial loves of a fickle-hearted barber, and flattered his corded neck with shrieking silken cravats. He even bantered with the sullen inhabitants of the cells to such an extent that if an inspector should have chanced along it is a surety that Peter and Peter's job would have become estranged.

His conduct about the scaffold was, to use the mildest of soothing bureaucratic terms, worthy of censure; at the Ritton hanging, Peter met the prisoner with a smile, wished him well, begged his pardon and jerked him off into eternity; and to the luckless Overescovitch he expressed hope for a pleasant transmigration, slipped a carelessly spliced noose about a trembling neck, and, warbling a half-forgotten ballad, left the poor fellow to finish his hasty supplications in the air.

He had lost all qualifications to greatness, or at least enough to necessitate the governor demanding a change in executioners. Indeed, to all appearances, Peter Bhaulm had revealed himself "just a long drawn-out flash-in-the-pan," as his old admirer, O'Haggerty, down by the big gates, claimed. To make matters more lamentable, no one, not even the wondering prison gaolers, could fathom the obscure reason for his joyousness.

But the hangman gave up the business immediately after his killing of young Pardell. This last victim of the law's justice, a rancid, illiterate political extremist, a believer in the warmest of new Russian depravities, was sentenced, and justly, to death for murder and the firing of heavily-laden wheat fields.

On the day of fulfilment, old Peter Bhaulm, seemed, if anything, far happier than usual. His bearing was that of a child about to experience the realization of some long-coveted desire. His gargoyle's face lacerated itself into a foolish grin as he aided the prisoner up the steps. He whistled between his yellow, ill-kept fangs when annointing the poor fellow's neck with the death rope.

All this while he knew himself to be under the constant survey of Pardell, who, at length broke silence and addressed him, saying, "Tell me, why are you so happy, old man?"

Now this was a queer question asked at a queer time by one leaving the earth in a queer way.

The hangman looked up from examining the trap, uttering a startled, "What?"

Pardell, in the same heavy, sonorous tone, repeated his question, "I asked, old man, why are you so happy?"

This was something strange. Perplexed, Peter raised his cap, now embellished with a coat of sable dye, and scratching his head, replied, "It's none of your business. I don't need to tell you nor nobody else. I guess I can keep it to myself alright. Listen, boy, to the preacher, he's praying for you."

The prisoner frowned.

"I don't need prayers. Come, tell me, I'm curious." He motioned with his head toward the chaplain. "I'll send him down. Tell me. I can only inform the angels. The boys all say you find time to listen to a fellow just before he goes. Tell me.

He did request the chaplain to withdraw and that worthy descended the steps nonplussed and trembling for the youth's immortal soul. Old Peter, realizing the logic that lay behind the prisoner's plea, consented and having advanced to a greater proximity, began:

"I might as well. But you ought to be spending this time in prayer, son, you sadly need it and you have only a few minutes left. But I'll tell you.

"Here's something the people round here don't know: I was married once and had a little boy. Sammy was his name, Sammy Bhaulm. When his mother died, Sammy, the little liar, always said I had killed her by my drunken, slothful ways. At any rate he picked a pretty little quarrel with me and the affair came to a head. He was only a kid then, just about twelve, quick tempered, sullen—he took after his ma—and stubborn, say, he was as stubborn as a —— ——, but you ain't got time to hear all this—so, to cut down a bit—Sammy beat it from home. He said he'd come back some day and bring along a lot of trouble and sorrow for his old dad. I always thought he would, for he was just that kind, grudgy and determined like. And Sammy had more than a spice of cruelty in his make-up and he didn't care for me at all. I never quite got over it; I had always a little warmth of love in my heart for Sammy, and—but, O mister, you don't know—can't know—how I missed him. Sixteen long years

now———! But, son, time's almost up. Listen! A fellow, a friend of his, he said, met me at O'Connor's about—let me see now—yes, February the second, the same day you were sentenced, and he told me Sammy was coming home on the first of April. He said Sammy had made his pile and forgiven me, as if his old dad had ever done anything, for the way I used to treat him. It sure was pleasing to hear he had changed some, for when I knew him he didn't forget things in a hurry.

"Time's up! You know now, mister, why I'm happy. This is April the first and Sammy's coming home—rich. Oh! But we'll get along fine, Sammy and me. I won't work no more, just live with him and he'll give me all I want, clothes, cigars, money, wine. God, man, think of it!"

Peter Bhaulm descended from the scaffold and sought his wooden lever.

Pardell, bending his imprisoned neck, looked down upon him with a curiously unkind smile, saying, "Just a moment, old man. You say your son's coming home?"

Peter, engaged in his final preparations, replied, "Sure he's coming home. Coming home rich. Say, listen! This is the first of the month, and he always was as good as his word, see? But what's all this to you?"

Pardell, smiling still, mused aloud, "Aye, this is the first, and he always was as good as his word. I knew him well; I was his closest friend."

"You knew him, then———" excitedly began Peter Bhaulm in incoherent speech. "Where is he now, and when will he ———."

"Never mind! Time's up, old man," the prisoner cut him short, "let's get it over with."

Peter, babbling to himself and fighting unbearable curiosity, fingered the old familiar handle, long greased by the sweat of his own hands, and pushed it with one heave into almost the last notch. From now on it would slide itself. A vague longing seized him to hear the prisoner utter the name "Sammy." He looked up with expectation, perhaps a question in his eyes.

But Pardell was silent and held his gaze intently upon the hesitating lever. Disappointed, Peter himself, followed the movement of the sluggish thing, and mumbled, through habit, an inarticulate, "Good-bye, may God forgive you." Then, despairing and abashed, for this execution affected him strangely with an intimation of evil, he uneasily rivetted a last glance upon the murderer, only to see Pardell quietly laughing at him.

"Well, this is the first of April and I've come home—Dad!"

That was all.

They say old Peter Bhaulm stood there dazed and staring with a madman's eyes at the taut rope, quivering with its unseen weight, until the wardens came.

ATHLETICS

In school life, as in the great game of human existence, there are two outstanding opportunities for service, namely, the service of example and of friendship.

In the realm of school activities there is no greater opportunity for the display of such service than upon the rugby field, the baseball diamond, or in any other branch of athletics. To those who follow, to take the places vacated by the present seniors soon leaving the school—some to pursue their studies elsewhere, others to enter into the greater game of life—we would say, set the proper example and the others will follow the right path; but set the wrong example and it is highly probably that they will follow that. With the commencement of a new term, and its consequent rebirth of athletic activity, the opportunity for example and friendship is increased ten-fold. By a show of welcome and good fellowship upon the campus, more than one notable athlete has been brought to light, who would otherwise have modestly watched from the sidelines because of his timidity to break into "cliques" of school favorites, or to mingle with those who failed to extend a hand in a welcome and invitation to get into the swim. Those who are the best are not always first in coming forward, and those who would come to try their skill or ability are naturally timid and a bit backward, especially among strangers, in undertaking to learn games new to them. A little diplomacy and real man-to-man friendship on the part of those who have the leadership will do much to bring out latent talent and foster better athletics for a bigger and better year.

CRICKET

Shortly after the Easter holidays the V. H. S. Cricket Club held its annual meeting, the following officers being elected for the ensuing season:—

President, Major Harvey; Vice President, Mr. Rush; Secretary-Treasurer, R. Phillips, and a committee of D. Peterson, Diespecker and Pillar.

It was decided to make use of the kind offer of the Victoria Cricket Club of the use of the Jubile Hospital grounds for practices on Monday and Thursday afternoons.

The first game was played at the above grounds on Thursday, May 4th, against the Cranleigh House School. The High team had little difficulty in defeating their younger opponents in this game, by the wide margin of 48-8.

In the match of Friday, May 12th, the V.H.S. Eleven were successful in defeating the Collegiate aggregation with the decisive score of 77-37. Pillar and Peterson bowled for V. H. S., while Judd and Robertson twirled for Collegiate.

On Thursday, May 18th, V. H. S. met their old opponents, the

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Worthington Melville
McQueen Daniels (Capt.) Gates
Grubb Crawford

Oak Bay High Eleven. This game proved a real thriller in the fact that the score was very close and the luck seemed very evenly divided, and it is due probably to the run of "breaks" that the score was as it was, for the teams were very evenly matched, the Oak Bay High winning the game by seven counters.

Dunn and Wallace were the outstanding players for V. H. S. in this match, while Morse brothers displayed considerable ability for O. B. High.

The Cricket Club wishes to take this opportunity of expressing its thanks to Major Harvey, Mr. Rush and Mr. Bennett for their kind assistance on numerous occasions.

Some years ago, in the history of V.H.S., a worthy promoter of school activities hit upon the novel plan of staging a gym. display in order to tide the athletic committee over certain financial straits. Since that time the annual display has happily become an "event" in the round of school activities looked forward to by students and teachers alike almost as much as holidays.

That the gym display of this year was indeed a success was testestified by a large audience which greeted it at the three performances. So great was the demand for the two initial presentations that a third performance was deemed advisable, and the large crowd of enthusiastic spectators gathered within the precincts of the spacious "Hi" gymnasium both proved a complete success for the management, and testified to the fame of the performers.

The display itself was par excellence, and we leave it to each of you who witnessed it to pick out the best individual turn, for we fear we'll turn grey-headed doing so. But we are convinced no one has yet decided the best turn, but all who saw it could not but experience pride in the fact that he also was a Victoria High School student.

The Camosun wishes to express its hearty thanks to all who helped to make the display a possibility and a wonderful realization.

The Victoria High School girls wound up their Basketball season by capturing two championship cups and also winning the B.C. open title through defeating St. Mark's, of Vancouver, both on the Mainland and in the home town.

The last game of the City Basketball League for the cup, took place in the V. U. A. C. Gym., on April 26th, between V. H. S. and the V. I. A. A. In this game High School had no difficulty in holding their lead throughout the game, scoring 22 points to their opponents' 11.

The MacDonald Cup was won op April 1st, when the High Girls played New Westminster, the Mainland High School champions. In this game the players were forced to do without the services of Pinkie

Grubb, their star forward, but notwithstanding this, the team, captained by Muriel Daniels, played a very fast and closely-contested game, the final score reading 12—10.

On the 22nd of April, the High School team journeyed to Vancouver, to play a challenge game with the St. Mark's team, for the B.C. open title, and a week earlier a return game was played in Victoria. In both these games, though the teams were very closely matched, the High School succeeded in defeating the fastest team of Vancouver. It is said that no more exciting game was ever witnessed between ladies' teams, St. Mark's showing great checking ability, while the speed and combination of the High Girls always baffled the visitors. The scores were a good indication of the match of the teams, being 13—12 in the first, and 6—4 in the second game.

The record of the team speaks for itself. Their scoring mark for the season reaches 328 points, while their various opponents succeeded in scoring only 106 points against them. Muriel Daniels heads the scorers with a big total of 134 points; Isabel Crawford lines up second with 82, and Doris Grubb and Elizabeth McLennan, although unable to play in all the games, obtained respectively 54 and 32 points.

During the year the following girls have played for the Senior team: Muriel Daniels (captain) centre; Pinkie Grubb, forward; Dorothy Melville, guard; Isobel Crawford, forward; Iola Worthington, guard; Florrie Gates, guard, and Elizabeth McLennan, spare.

Mr. Bob Whyte, coach of the girls, deserves great credit for the success of the school in basketball. He has spent many hours training the girls of both the Senior and Junior teams.

To all those who, through the past season have given so much of their time and interest to foster better athletics in V.H.S., including Mr. H. H. Smith, Mr. E. Cook, Mr. Cranston, Mr. H. Smith, and all members of the Athletic Executive, we wish to embrace this occasion to tender our very hearty thanks.

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

This is the Last Will and Testament of the undersigned, being for the most part in our sound mind and not under the influence of liquor, hereby revoking all testamentary dispositions heretofore made. We direct that all debts, just and otherwise, and funeral expenses be paid out of the revenue from the Garbage Dump, reserving any expenses for strongly-odored flowers which may be requisite or necessary.

To the Juniors—those glorified sponges of learning, we bequeath all moral responsibilities, including prefect badges and ink erasers.

To the Prelims—"les enfants terribles"—we devise the High School Amalgamated Nursery. This has not been used during the past year, the children being confined to their cradles on account of

extreme youth. It is, however, in good condition, being equipped with rattles, golliwogs, etc. (For further information apply M. Wilkinson, Room 5).

We also forbid the the said Prelims—

(a) To speak sharply to a Matric unless fully armed.

(b) To molest the Garbage Dump unless in search of food.

(c) To be impertinent to teachers unless during school hours.

In addition: 1. Matric A bequeaths to certain of the Juniors its operatic propensities, including gum chewing and the rendering of the concerto "Algebraic Blues."

2. Matric B bequeaths to a chosen few its faculty for making a teacher's life miserable, and hopes the coming generation will carry on the good work. The motto suggested for novices is "Get 'em young, treat 'em rough, and tell 'em nothing."

3. Matric C bequeaths its reputation (wise and otherwise). Here we quote from Matric C's own list of suggestions: "We hope the coming students will realize that the best food in the world is dog biscuit. It develops intellect and muscle (chiefly the latter) and enables the consumer to cross the campus on the bias, in defiance of the school laws, and feel no qualms of conscience."

4. Matric D bequeaths a pamphlet entitled "Excuses to Teacher for Homework not Done." To exemplify, we quote Excuse No. 39: "Went to brother's wedding 4 o'clock. Happy couple did not leave till 12:30. At 12:32 electric lights all over city went out. No candle in house. Small sister taken ill at daybreak. Rush for doctor. Return 5:30. Afflicted by violent toothache. Rush to dentist's. Under chloroform until 8:48. Enter school at 9:00———. If teacher does not swallow this, slip him a quarter and call it square."

5. Matric E surrenders its ability for doing nothing and keeping the teachers from finding what they are doing. If teachers participate in this movement, this clause of said will may be withdrawn.

We hereby appoint as the executioners of this our latest will, all the "plucked" Matrics of 1921-22, with full power to park our belongings howsoever and wheresoever they deem advisable, and permissable by the Police Commissioners, and at their own leisure to add, subtract, divide, bisect, trisect, guillotine and co-ordinate any or all of our wishes, premeditate or otherwise. And so fulfil the tragic disposal of the aforesaid belongings—receiving in payment therefor the privilege of sitting or standing for one set of June exams per year until the terms hereof are completed.

(Signed) MATRICS, 1921-22.

Signed and Sealed, C.O.D. by said gang, in absence of all parties who, at our request, and without our knowledge, may hereto scrawl their several names at their own expense—as witnesses with shame and remorse.

Portia Society

The return of Summer marks another mile-stone in the history of the Portia Society. Under the able direction of the President, Marjorie Ballard, and her assisting executive, a number of interesting and instructive meetings have been held, each bearing upon a subject of public interest.

We wish to thank Mr. Farr for his splendid talk on "Life in Northern Alberta." In his speech Mr. Farr gave us a sense of keener appreciation of the unselfish, patient lives of Western Canadian pioneers. He applied his moral in a humorous and interesting manner which left an impression on all present.

Miss Moore spoke to the Society on "Oxford University," illustrating her talk with pictures. The speaker aroused the interest of her audience by her descriptions of the great institution. Miss Moore is the Honorary President of the club, and deserves much credit for the help and inspiration she has been in that capacity.

Miss Norma Pusey also spoke on "Cambridge University" in a very creditable manner. Miss Pusey's talk was instructive, interesting and well delivered.

Loma Johnson and Helen Boyd discussed pro and con the question: "Resolved that Poverty is more Conducive to Character than Riches." Both sides were well taken and the subject discussed as exhaustively as could be expected in so short time. The arguments of the negative proved the more convincing, however, and Miss Boyd was proclaimed the victor. Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Andrews very kindly acted as judges.

On another occasion the meeting listened to a thoughtful, well-prepared speech on "Conditions in the British Empire," by Jessie Macdonald. Miss Macdonald spoke particularly of conditions existing in India and Ireland. She was well versed on her subject and found her audience to be a group of very interested listeners.

"Resolved that a Ford is a Menace to Civilization," was the subject under debate on May 2nd. The affirmative was upheld by Ellie Exham and the negative by Lillian Jones. After due consideration to and discussion of this vital subject, Miss Moore, the judge, rendered decision in favor of the negative.

"Resolved that Men should be Taught Home-Cooking" was next discussed and settled! ! Betty Fuller argued for, and Muriel Bowes against. After considerable expounding and emphasis, Miss Fuller was awarded the decision. The various expressions of the audience told that the decision was a popular one.

Tht officials and executive of Portia wish to thank all those who contributed candy for the Drill Display, which augmented the funds by a sum of $38. Those also deserve thanks who, by taking part in the various debates and programmes, have made this year a flourishing one in the history of the Society.

To the members of the staff who have so kindly acted as judges, to other members who have spoken and thus added to the enthusiasm of the meetings, and to Miss Moore, the Honorary President, the President and Committee wish to extend sincere thanks on behalf of the Portia Society.

PLAYERS' PICNIC

On Saturday, May 28th, the cast of "As You Like it" and their friends held a picnic at Goldstream. At 9:45 the party was being eyed suspiciously by the clerks of Campbell's Drug Store, and a couple of hours later the coach drew up at its destination.

An exploration tour occupied most of the afternoon, and the way in which Sinclair suspended himself from the C.P.R. bridge, clearly exemplified Darwin's "Origin of Species." The great event of the day, however, was an all-star baseball match with Mr. Dilworth and Joe Gosse as captains. The carcasses of fish which strew the neighboring shore bear witness to the vigor with which the game was played—and it was only when a smashing swing from the bat of Babe Ruth's record breaker sent the ball to join the fishes that the company adjourned to supper. The effects of the evening meal can be imagined when it is learned:— (1) that Herman so far forgot himself as to shampoo Sinclair with Pacific Milk; (2) that Collison waded placidly to his knees before he saw the water; (3) that Cunningham announced he had brought a mirror, towel and pow——, but why go into details?

To describe the trip home would be as futile as impossible; suffice to say that once during the journey "Mike" was heard to announce that she had not said a word for the last ten minutes, that Legg called the attention of all the "dear little lambie lambies" and that if any of the picnic party had voice enough left to do more than croak, it was only because they had been laughing too much to shout.

MATRIC A

Page from Gabriel's Recording Volume

Gabriel, checking up his 1921-22 account with the V.H.S.—

"Next on the record comes Matric A. Eureka! Now have I come to the perfect class, the model class. Ever through the ages has Division I. upheld the Wordsworthian conception of Matric Aylets. . . .

"This class, children doth compose
Very nice indeed.
Sweet, simple children, I suppose,
All begoggled, staunch of hose,
Brains unhampered by their clothes,
Very nice, indeed."

Gabriel adjusts his spectacles and reads first complaint against entire class:

"This class is entirely too sphinx-like, it won't talk."

Individual entries:—

Lorna Jones—Charged with the unlawful organization of a glee club which operates with gusto in Latin periods.

Watkins—Verily, Thomas is charged with the disposal of waste paper via Fraser's collar, thereby causing Chisholm to execute intricate gymnastics.

Straith—A series of crosses against Bal's name tell of numerous demoniacal gurgles, sounds of dread to his teachers, things of beauty and a joy for ever to his comrades. Several huge crosses signify where his feet disturbed Clark in chemistry.

Clarke—William J. pays penalty for the word he uttered when Straith molested his slumber.

Barnett—The winter-long consumption of hoar-hounds under the protective incognito of "cough-drops." Blossom has also been known to resort to "vamping" as a means of dispelling boredom.

Martin—Alexa is held for the villainous crime of confining prelims, and even juniors, overnight in their lockers, without food or drink.

Eldridge—No cross mars this impeachable name—halo for Alice!

MATRIC B

Motto—"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

* * * * *

In spite of our many activities and our frequent engagements at 3:15, Matric B can boast of a few literary accomplishments. Among the most notable are the following:—

"The Ruined City," by Dinah Might.
"That Wonderful Girl," by Ophelia Pulse.
"The Higher Step," by Seymour Limb.
"The Unanswerable Question," by Ida Know.
"The Bad Bargain," by Margaret Dunn.

* * * * *

A One-Sided Telephone Conversation

"No. 2163L, please—Hello, is that you, Muriel? Helga speaking —pause—how did that happen? Oh ! ! Visitors are an awful bore—We use salad dressing on ours—Yes, he is adorable, alright—Well, he said he never could get anyone to introduce him—perhaps so, I use sour milk—Oh! I'm going to see Sid Hopkins climb the Vancouver Hotel this afternoon. He used to be in our room. Don't you remember?—Oh, what bliss!—What did they do? (Long pause). I can't be sure, but it goes something like this: ta la la; ta ra ra, and then repeat you know—Who are they?—No, I don't like them; especially canned. Must you go? Well, good-bye—8:30 then. I'll be ready. What's that—oh, that's good—good-bye—yes, thanks ever so much, good-bye—No, not at all; good-bye—Well, just as you say—Oh! I'm glad to hear that, good-bye ! ! !"

* * * * *

While wiling away the weary hours of toil, "Barley" was suddenly aroused from his slumbers by a frantic dig in the back—author, Don MacLean.

"Remember old Tex ———?" said Don.

"Sure thing," replied Barley.

"Well," continued Don, "he's pretty hard hit. He wandered round to our house the other day and asked if he could work for a meal. We agreed, and he immediately began to eat. In the course of the conversation he asked about his people, whom he has not seen for some time. We told him all we knew, then he dangled out to the wood pile. After a quarter of an hour I barged out to see how he was getting on. Attached to one of the pieces of wood I found the following note:—

"Just tell my folks you saw me, but you didn't see me saw."

"Pretty cute," snickered Barley. Not to be outdone, however, he responded with the following:—

"Say, Don, what did Jack Frost say when he proposed to the Violet?"

"Good Grief!" answered Don, "how should I know?"

Announcement

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"Well," said Barley, pompously, "he said, 'Wilt thou?'—and it wilted."

* * * * *

"I wonder," said Miss Moody, after a strenuous game of tennis, "when this game was invented?"

"Why, I think," said Miss Stoddart, "it must have been when Joseph served in Pharoah's court."

* * * * *

The pain of parting is nothing to the joy of meeting again.
—Charles Dickens.

MATRIC C

Several of our teachers have added, perhaps unintentionally, to the glee of our days, as when Mr. C.—— enquired how many quarters th moon has, and our Chemistry teacher announced with befitting dignity: "We will now take H2SO4; watch the result closely."

Bill Shenk was struck with a brain-wave the other day and demanded who was the author of the "Model Lawyer?" The answer came back, "Eliza Lot."

To be sold at auction at an early date, a magnificent collection of billets doux, the property of a young lady of the class.

On the 19th of May we held a class picnic at Cadboro Bay, and it certainly was a success. The two champion racers of the class, Miss Donnelly and Vincent, ran a very close race, the prize being Vincent's beautiful spotted socks, which are now rightfully the property of Miss D. Mr. Cornett added much to our fund of amusement and distinguished himself in rowing and eating. We had a great feed, though "Wady" did corner all the eats. Miss Tennyson made a reputation as a tea-pourer. The girls would have gone home unescorted at the end of this fine day had not Brakes, who alone of all the boys could afford to pay his car fare, gallantly chaperoned the whole bunch.

At the close of this, our last class report, we wish to convey our sincere gratitude to the teachers who have worked for and with us throughout the year.

MATRIC D

While bargain hunting, Miss Larson and Miss Baikie heard the following conversation between clerk and lady shopper:

Lady—I want a pair of shoes for this little boy.

Clerk—Yes, certainly; er— French kid?

Lady (indignantly)—No, sir, he is my own son, and born in Victoria.

The approach of exams looks gloomy,
Our space for knowledge is roomy;
But why worry a bit about tha',
For we'll walk through the test with eclat.

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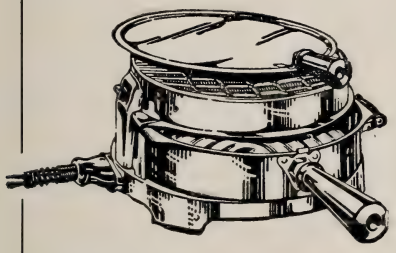

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Fred—How long can a person live without brains?
Noel—I dont' know; how old are you?

* * * * *

"She's a poem," so they said.
I thought I'd go and see;
But when I saw her—what d'you think?
She was "a-verse" to me.

* * * * *

Petrie (at the Zoo)—Mummy, dear, what makes a snake tie himself up in a knot?

Mother—I suppose he wants to remember something and he hasn't a handkerchief.

* * * * *

Ensor (with quelqu'une, at a concert)—What piece is that band playing now?

Why, that's "The Death of Nelson."

Ensor—Oh, me! Oh, my! what a terrible death.

MATRIC E

Pillar will persist in placing an open book in front of him in class. As one of the teachers drily put it: "You're in a position to know."

* * * * *

Ozard—If I had a pen, I'd do my French, if I had some paper.

* * * * *

"It's awful to be red-headed," said Bennie McMillen.

Smack ! !

"It's worse to be black-eyed," said the auburn beauty.

* * * * *

Gosse keeps poor buying cotton wool with which to silence his alarm clock. "O Sleep, O gentle Sleep."

* * * * *

Smith should remember that his loud laugh does not bespeak a learned mind. Many a lunatic is a howling success.

* * * * *

Miss May is leader of our laughing chorus.

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you"—yes, all except the teachers.

* * * * *

The old song must be revised for Miss Gilliland.

"She must sleep or she will die."

* * * * *

Long panted the Matric as he paid the last instalment on his new jeans.

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LEADING FLORIST

EXCHANGES

We number among our new exchanges the "Pinion," from McKinley High School, Honolulu. How would this headline look in The Camosun—

"Pinion prance coming; boys, date your janes."

The C. H. E. Viewpoint from Cranbrook is an especially fine paper. In an article on the SS. Princess Louise they gave Victoria credit for the building of her. Let it not be said in Vancouver!

The "Blue and White Weekly," from Los Angeles, contained some interesting information about Canadian school life, among other things that basketball was beginning to be played.

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